

AN

*14.
No. 141*

ELEGY

ON THE DEATH

OF THE

Rev. SAMUEL PEARCE, A. M.

WHO FINISHED HIS COURSE

OCT. 99—Aged 33.

WRITTEN BY

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THEY THAT TURN MANY TO RIGHTEOUSNESS SHALL SHINE
AS THE STARS FOR EVER.

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ELEGY.

THOUGH gloomy now, yet late I knew a day,
 That shone resplendant in the midst of May ;
 Sweet was the morn, all nature smil'd around,
 The vocal groves swell'd with melodious sound ;
 Clear was the sky, no rising cloud was seen,
 The dew was copious and the air serene ;
 In his bright car, the sov'reign of the day,
 With flaming pomp, pursu'd his brilliant way.
 Creation, clad in spotless robes of light,
 Display'd her beauties to the ravish'd sight ;
 Vales, hills and mountains, brooks, and seas and skies,
 Conspir'd to spread fresh pleasure and surprize ;
 The corn, the herbage, and the stately trees,
 Felt the kind warmth, inhal'd the gentle breeze ;
 The herds, the flocks, the tenants of the grove,
 Seem'd gay with plenty, innocence, and love ;
 The industrious bee explor'd each fragrant flow'r,
 And thinking man, improv'd the golden hour ;
 The morn was charming, glorious was the noon,
 Bright the whole day, but ah ! it clos'd too soon.
 No spreading cloud obscur'd the setting sun,
 His course he finish'd as he had begun ;

And

And when his beams withdrew from gazing eyes,
 A thousand suns rose in remoter skies :
 No ruffling gales disturb'd the ambient air,
 And all around was still, serene, and fair.
 Such was thy life thou holy man of God ;
 Such was the path thy feet unwearied trod ;
 Such was thine exit from this vale of night,
 To the bright regions of celestial light ;
 The morning, noon, and ev'ning of thy day,
 Shone with a mild, and unobscured ray.

BIRT was the star that led thy kindred mind
 To Bethl'hem, where the Savior thou didst find ;
 And honor'd *Plymouth* first beheld thy light,
 Conspicuous shine in grace and gifts so bright.
 Thrice lovely PEARCE ! thy feet in early days,
 Were taught to run in wisdom's sacred ways ;
 Thy blooming youth, and riper age display'd
 Those moral charms thy noble soul array'd.
 Thy blest'd Redeemer, with the cords of love,
 Drew thy young mind to springs of joy above ;
 And bid thee taste the sweets of heav'n below,
 Which from the fountain of salvation flow.
 How did thy heart dissolve with pious grief,
 And how abundant was thy sweet relief !
 How didst thou lothe the sad remains of sin,
 And ardent pant for purity within !
 How didst thou yield, (O be his grace ador'd !)
 Thy soul, thy all, to thine exalted Lord !
 How didst thou burn with one continued flame
 Of heav'nly love to thy Redeemer's name !
 How did thy heart with strong compassion feel,
 For Jesus' cause, and man's eternal weal !

What

What copious draughts of wisdom, truth and love,
 Thy mind imbib'd, from the pure source above !
 How did thy Savior's sacred Spirit dwell,
 In thy meek soul, as a perennial well ;
 Whence issued forth thy labors all around,
 In copious streams, o'er Zion's hallow'd ground !
 What pure devotion in thy bosom glow'd,
 And from thy lips what fragrance spread abroad !
 (So when the fire the sacrifice consum'd,
 The holy incense the wide air perfum'd.)
 Instructions wise, and consolation sweet,
 Dropt from thy lips with eloquence replete !
 How humble, meek, benevolent and kind,
 And sympathizing, was thy active mind !
 Much wast thou like (still bent on human weal)
 To John in love, to Paul in ardent zeal.
 The conduct, speech, and temper of thy soul,
 Were beauteous each, and form'd a beauteous whole ;
 In thee the husband, parent, and the friend,
 Adorn'd the Christian, to thy latest end.
 How didst thou soar on faith's aspiring wings,
 Beyond the stars, and view celestial things !
 Immanuel's glories blazing all abroad,
 And walk with Angels in their bright abode ;
 How did'st thou there receive a heav'nly shine,
 And thence descend inflam'd with love divine !
 Thine intellects were like thy virtues bright,
 Stor'd with divine and scientific light ;
 Thy noble genius kindled at the sun,
 While its swift course was scarcely yet begun ;
 In tender youth shot forth prophetic rays,
 Of a refulgent and extensive blaze,

well

Thine

Thine application, diligence and taste,
 Impell'd thee forward with amazing haste.
 In the broad path of science, and of arts,
 Where her fair fruits philosophy imparts.
 How did'st thou cull all plants in learning's field,
 That choicest fruits and sweetest fragrance yield;
 And rear them high, with an unwearied hand,
 Where nobler trees of growth celestial stand:
 But truth divine was thy supreme delight,
 And Jacob's star shone brightest in thy sight.

In thee the christian and the preacher shone,
 With blended rays, reflected from the sun,
 That kindled Seraphs for the course they run. }
 With pure intentions reigning in thy breast,
 Well fraught with knowledge, of strong pow'rs possess'd,
 Thy bosom warm'd as with a seraph's flame,
 And, fir'd with zeal for thy Redeemer's name,
 Thou sweetly did'st the gospel trumpet sound,
 To captive souls, in Satan's empire bound.
 How did'st thou like an Angel thro' the sky,
 The joyful herald of salvation, fly
 Across the land, while crouds with rapture hung
 On the sweet accents of thy charming tongue!
 How did'st thou stand on awful Sinai's brow,
 And thunder vengeance on the plains below, }
 O'erspread with vice, pollution, guilt and woe!
 How did'st thou dart, like lightning from the skies,
 The fiery law, in bold offender's eyes!
 How did conviction melt the heart of stone,
 And sinful mirth end in a pious groan!
 How did'st thou next fair Zion's hill ascend,
 Where died for foes, the sinner's able friend!

How

How did'st thou thence (so spreads the dawn of day)
 The crimson banner of the cross display !
 How did'st thou thence in melting sounds proclaim
 A full salvation in Immanuel's name !
 How did'st thou publish, in melodious strains,
 The joyful news Jehovah's word contains ;
 Harmonious truths, and promises divine ;
 Where, in one blaze, heaven's bright perfections shine !
 What sacred light in all thy doctrine flow'd !
 What holy zeal in all thy sermons glow'd !
 What love to God, what sympathy for man,
 O'erflow'd thy soul, thro' all thy labours ran !
 In cities, towns, and villages around,
 How did'st thou spread the gospel's charming sound !
 O, with what ardor, constancy, and love,
 Did'st thou beseech, persuade, instruct, reprove !
 How did'st thou wing the swift unerring dart
 Of piercing truth to the rebellious heart !
 How did'st thou pour, with hands discreet and kind,
 Calvaria's balm into the bleeding mind !
 How did thy doctrine, like the rain descend !
 What wide success did all thy toil attend !
 How did'st thou deem thy labour thy repast !
 Thy time how short ! but, oh ! thy work how vast !
 What favor, meekness, energy, and force,
 Breath'd in thy pray'r, liv'd in thy warm discourse !
 What zeal for God thine ardent spirit fir'd ;
 What love to man thy tender breast inspir'd !
 What eloquence, mellifluous and strong !
 What pathos flow'd from thy pathetic tongue !
 What heav'nly sweetness grac'd thy melting eyes !
 Wast thou a man, or Angel in disguise ?

Were

Were ever known in mortal man combin'd,
 A sounder judgement and a purer mind ?
 Did ever all the Christian virtues shine
 In one rare life, more radiant than in thine ?
 A thousand pencils could not fully paint
 All thy sweet features, O thou lovely saint !
 O for more seraphs in the form of man,
 To publish loud redemption's glorious plan,
 Wide thro' the world, on wings of flaming fire,
 Till heav'n descend, and hell on earth expire.
 Nor was *Britannia* the exclusive stage
 Of thine exertions, *Dublin* did engage
 Thy strong compassion, there Jehovah own'd
 Thee for his fav'rite, and thy labors crown'd.
 Where weeping crouds, the aged and the young,
 Felt the sweet force of thy pathetic tongue,
 While round thy neck their warm affections hung,
 How did thy pity and thy views expand,
 To ev'ry distant, ev'ry heathen land !
 How did'st thou in thy sympathetic heart,
 Embrace the world and act a noble part !
 In adding India to the Savior's crown,
 Where nations shall his blest dominions own !
 How did'st thou long to cross the spacious main
 And there unite the missionary train !
 But *Birmingham* thrice highly favor'd place,
 Confin'd thee still, within her warm embrace ;
 There was the seat of thine unwearied pains,
 (And O, 'tis there now sleep thy cold remains.)
 There did thy God assist, and bless, and own,
 And oft rejoice thee, at his gracious throne,
 There liv'd and thriv'd thy choice, thy precious charge,
 And there thy flock grew numerously large.

There

There did'st thou worship with a solemn throng,
 And charm each ear with thine instructive tongue.
 There did'st thou banquet at the sacred board,
 On the rich Grace of thy redeeming Lord,
 With thy lov'd brethren, and behold the King
 In his mild glories, and his praises sing;
 While heav'nly joy, and harmony, and love,
 Made your sweet feast, resemble that above.
 There did'st thou see, a num'rous youthful train,
 Submissive own the Savior's gentle reign.
 There did'st thou teach the offspring of the poor,
 To read the scriptures and their God adore.
 There did'st thou publish, in a spacious ground,
 The word of life, and weeping converts found;
 There did thy light most eminently shine,
 As the meek Christian and the bright Divine.
 But ah! thy vast exertions prov'd at length,
 Too great a weight, for nature's feeble strength.
 The constant fervor of thy heav'nly flame,
 Was too intense for thy corporeal frame.
 Strange that a flame so steady, bright and strong
 As thine, should burn without more oil so long.
 Nor ardent pray'rs, nor flowing tears prevail'd,
 To heal thy pains, the art of medicine fail'd.
 Pale-fac'd disease with unabating pace,
 Attack'd thy vitals, 'midst thy noble race.
 Nor ceas'd the conflict, till the king of dread;
 Laid thy dear limbs among the sleeping dead.
 But O! how tranquil and divinely blest
 Was thy pure mind, within thy aching breast!
 What heav'nly rays dispelling ev'ry gloom,
 Illum'd thy passage to the solemn tomb!

What

What peace, what joy, what glory all divine,
O'erwhelm'd thy frame, (heav'n grant the like be mine.)

Thy Jesus' hand omnipotent to save,
Convey'd thee gently to the silent grave.
Still to the end sustain'd thy drooping head,
And softly laid thee down among the dead.
Then in his bosom bore thy soul away,
To shine with Angels in the realms of day.
Where nought of sin, of sorrow, or of pain,
But joys angelic, in thy mind remain.
Where thou dost join, with all the ransom'd throng,
To praise the Lamb in one eternal song.
There, glorious Saint, wear thine immortal crown,—
Imbibe thy full of boundless bliss unknown ;
For ever shine, each veil afunder rent,
A new bright star in glory's firmament.

But we, alas ! thy face no more behold ;
Our loss and grief can ne'er be fully told ;
Thy various labours and thy days are o'er,
Nor sounds thy tongue the name of Jesus more :
And hidden lie, in death's impervious den,
Thine active hands, and thy laborious pen.
O ! had'st thou liv'd thy volume to complete,
With wond'rous facts of holy zeal replete ;
What lights, dispensing missionary rays,
In ancient ages, and in modern days,
Might have surpriz'd and rous'd our drowsy mind,
Inspir'd more *Brainerds* to instruct mankind !
And in thy stead form'd many a young divine,
With head, and heart, and tongue resembling thine.

But

But now, what gloom o'er spreads thy native land,
 And soon will reach Hindoostan's distant strand !
 How will thy *Carey* and thy *Thomas* mourn
 Their mighty loss—a loss by India borne.
 No monarch's fall could wider shake the ground,
 Than thine fair Salem's spacious hill around.
 Sad Birmingham, seat of the spreading gloom,
 With sighs and tears surrounds thine honor'd tomb,
 And views thy flight to the celestial skies,
 With gazing, weeping, and with longing eyes.
 While (names aside) where'er thy worth was known,
 Each flock, each pastor, join the general moan.
 But, oh ! what joy, what triumph, and what praise,
 Shall crown that day—that glorious day of days,
 When thou, with all thy pious friends shall meet
 Around your blest Redeemer's shining seat !
 Still to behold, adore, enjoy, and love,
 World without end, your smiling God above.
 Now the griev'd Muse, with more than weeping eyes
 Bids thee adieu, 'till, in the blissful skies,
 We meet with Saints and Seraphim, to sing
 Immortal praise, to heaven's immortal King.

Thou God of love afford thy kind relief
 To the dear Widow, overwhelm'd with grief.
 And be the Guardian Father, and the Friend,
 Of the five Orphans we to thee commend.
 O send thy Church another PEARCE to feed,
 (If Earth can yield another PEARCE indeed)
 The mind with knowledge from the sacred page,
 With milk for babes, and stronger meat for age !

Blest

Blest Prince of Peace thy righteous cause maintain;
 O'er the whole world extend thy glorious reign,
 And from our globe all vice and wars remove,
 Or take us also to thy realms above !



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